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The Impressions
of an Englishman in
America



WILLIAM J. WOODLEY

The Impressions of an Englishman in America

By

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The Adventures of an Imperial Yeoman
in South Africa 1899 to 1902

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PREFACE

In offering to the public this book on my impressions of America I do not in any way attempt to criticise the Government, the laws, the institutions, or the policies of the United States.

Many writers who visit America and afterwards write a book, see only one side of the country. Furnished with letters of introduction to the best known people, they are received with the splendid hospitality which rich Americans are so well noted for, but they have not had the opportunity of judging America as those who have to fight their way by the sweat of their brain, or their brow.

The writer was,—and is,—

WILLIAM WOODLEY.

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The Impressions
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PART I
UNITED STATES

Impressions of An Englishman

CHAPTER I

OUTWARD BOUND

EUSTON STATION rings with greetings, and partings, masses of trunks have been packed in the "boat special," the whistle blows, and the train slowly moves out of the station.

As I lean out of the window I catch a glimpse of the tearful eyes of the women, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and the shouts of "good luck" from the men. I am one of many hundreds about to cross the Atlantic on our way to the New World.

Many of us are actuated by the same motive; unable to make the headway we thought we might have made in crowded Europe, we are going to start life afresh in this new and wonderful country we have read and heard so much about; many succeed beyond their most sanguine expectations, others will sink under their difficulties.

In a few hours we are aboard the great ocean liner at Liverpool. I cannot help wondering what the future will bring, and what experiences await me.

The engines start, the ship's bugle sounds, and as we make our way out of the harbour we sit down to our first meal in our floating hotel. Are you a good sailor? seemed the universal question. Notwithstanding their replies, I could not but observe that before that meal was over, many retired with some precipitation.

Our first stopping place is Queens-town, where a crowd of Irish emigrants came on board with bundles and boxes tied up with rope. An American gentleman remarked to me: "New York is ruled by the Irish—they are the leaders in all the political demonstrations, and the most powerful party in all elections. The New York election is carried by the Irish; and the New York election has the greatest influence upon elections in other states. Yet the Irish do not amalgamate with the Americans, but hold themselves apart to their own manners and customs; they are just as much against the institutions of the States, as they were against the Government at home. Still, there is no doubt the Irish improve in the States and many of them get wealthy and occupy high political positions."

After a few days on a steamship one

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gets, as they say, in America, "located," and with the aid of a discreet tip to the table steward I secured a seat next the people I thought would prove the most congenial.

A cantankerous old colonel who sat opposite to me used to declare from the time he got up, until he went to bed, that everything on the boat was absolutely rotten from stem to stern; he said the stewards were insolent scoundrels; and the whiskey was poison. To my right there was a Mr. and Mrs. F., really charming people, on their honeymoon, but he was quite fifty while she was a pretty girl of eighteen; on my left was a big handsome Scotchman whom we called Sammy, who seemed to divide his time between pretty Mrs. F. and the smoking room bar; and next him, was the American gentleman I had spoken to at Queenstown.

Gentlemen, in the Old World sense of the term, are the same everywhere, and an American gentleman knows how to do the honours of his country to a stranger as well as any one on Earth; unfortunately this class is a very small one in New York, so my Queenstown acquaintance cannot be represented as affording a specimen of the whole.

To one unaccustomed to traveling by sea, night is a very impressive time aboard a ship, and though its novelty has long worn off, it never ceases to have an interest and charm for me.

The gloom through which the great liner holds its direct and certain course, the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, white glistening track, that follows in the vessel's wake; the men on the lookout forward, who are just visible against the dark sky; the melancholy sighing of the wind, the

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gleaming forth of light from every crevice and tiny nook about the ship.

This floating town upon the sea, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under the great strain, she ploughs her way through the waves day and night; imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating—all in a furious array against her.

Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds in sympathy with the waves. Add to this the hoarse shouts of the seamen, the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers, with every now and then the striking of a heavy sea upon the ship with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder.

The labouring of the ship in that troubled sea during that stormy night I shall never forget; what it is like on a wild night in the Atlantic, it is impossible

for the most vivid imagination to describe.

Every day is much the same at sea. As we approached Newfoundland we saw numbers of icebergs, which had floated down from the Arctic regions. An iceberg is truly a magnificent sight, and almost impossible to conceive. Imagine a lump of ice as large as St. Paul's Cathedral with the moon shining upon it; at night it resembles a fairy castle, but Heaven help the ship that should touch it.

Next day the storm is over, the sun shines upon the deck, and the passengers, forgetting the night and their seasickness, emerge from their cabins. As I look down into the steerage, and see men and women and children huddled together, it comes home to me what a difference money makes in the world; for the want of a little money, you are

herded like the animals on a cattle boat—compelled to sleep in a dark hole with at least four others, who perhaps do not remove their clothes or wash during the whole voyage, “water being precious in the steerage.” Exposed to the rigid steamship laws for emigrants, and fed with badly cooked, unsavoury food without any pretense of courtesy; while for a few extra dollars or pounds, you are given every comfort, fed on delicacies, guarded against every possible discomfort, waited upon with the greatest servility by an army of stewards; and above all able to keep clean and breathe pure air; yet the average steerage passenger, who has paid his fare and should be entitled to the same consideration as the saloon passenger, seldom complains. All hours of the day and night you can see them singing and dancing; for are

they not going to the Land of Hope? Men and women from every land enter into a fellowship they have never before known, introductions are not thought of amongst emigrants; some are fleeing from the law; some suffering unjustly; others with a desire to forget their misfortunes and start life again, all with a faith in the future for themselves in the New World; without that faith they would not have started.

Listening to the stories of the men and women in the steerage interested me far more than the concerts in the saloon or the small talk of the smoking room. One brown-eyed Russian Jewess, a girl whose father had been a rich merchant in St. Petersburg, confided in me she was an anarchist; she told me how during a riot her mother was beaten to death, her child torn from her breast

and hoisted on the point of a bayonet by Russian soldiers, while a Russian officer over whom she threw a pail of boiling water to protect herself from his brutal treatment, had her stripped to the waist, flogged until senseless and bleeding, at the door of her own house. She was carried to the hospital to recover. As she told me the terrible story her fellow countrymen and her grief stricken father sat around with blazing eyes and clenched hands, and to prove the truth of her story she pulled off her bodice showing the marks of the cruel lash on the soft white skin of her neck and shoulders, deep welts that would be there for life, now purple and black and green, and the father rose and uttered a curse, long and terrible, against Russia.

Many were the tales I heard from Russian Jews fleeing from the terror of Russia's cruel laws, appalling stories of

murder and plunder, of furious hatred and lawless tyranny. Who can blame them if they sometimes strike back?

There is a light on our starboard bow, every one rushes on deck, and we get our first glimpse of America.

My imagination is incapable of conceiving anything of the kind more beautiful than New York Harbour; various and beautiful are the objects which meet the eye on every side. We seemed to enter the harbour of New York, upon waves of gold owing to the reflection of the sun just going down.

New York is indeed a lovely and noble city, its advantages of position are unequalled anywhere, London or Paris not excepted.

The southern point of Manhattan Island divides the waters of the harbour into the North and East rivers; on this point stands the City of New York ex-

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tending from river to river, and running northward to the extent of five miles, it covers almost as much ground as Paris, the extreme point is fortified towards the sea by a valley and forms an admirable point of defense; but in these days of peace it is converted into a public promenade.

The American is perpetually repeating that the foundation stone of their liberty, is fixed on the doctrine "that every man is free" and the first object seen on arriving in New York Harbour is the Statue of Liberty.

How many find that Liberty there is, both liberty and license for the moneyed grafters of the great cities of America, but for the Emigrant who has come to live by the sweat of his brow, who has not the rights of American citizenship, few countries have more restrictions; so-called equality is a farce; mankind never

can be equal, never has been, and never will be.

When the American,—the Pole, the German, the Italian, the Servian, the Irish and the Jew who become American citizens and call themselves American, realize this, “God’s own country,” as they call it, will be a little nearer the mark.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK

I ASKED my American acquaintance on landing if he could recommend a nice quiet hotel. He said the Astor was the only place he could think of, at 44th Street and Broadway; so, having got my baggage passed by the Custom House officers, I hired a cab and drove there. It seemed rather a long way, I thought, he will want more than twenty-five cents. As my cab stopped at the entrance, I thought, so this is a specimen of a quiet hotel, is it? I had four bags and a coat. It took five porters to get me inside, one for each bag and one for the coat; giving my driver fifty cents, I walked up the steps, but the cabman was

behind. What's that he said—a drink—the fare is five dollars. I was speechless, so paid, but made a vow never to take a cab again, which I have kept.

New York is without doubt the city of hotels, numerous families live in them all the year around, but with a few exceptions, the hotels of New York are anything but desirable residences; notwithstanding their external show and garish magnificence, they are far more commodious than comfortable. For the most part they are huge erections, noise and tumult reign supreme, servants and porters rush about with a vehemence nowhere else to be encountered. For the gentler sex there is a separate entrance, special drawing rooms are likewise appropriated to their use. Into these sacred retreats men cannot with propriety intrude. Owing to the size of these hotels, numerous elevators or lifts

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are in constant requisition. These are cozy cages, beautifully furnished with cushioned seats and carpets, holding as many as ten persons. Each hotel possesses a bar room and a barber's shop, which to men are the most important rooms in an hotel. Some of the hotels employ negro waiters, and although they are awkward, stupid, noisy and slow, I confess they are more bearable than their white brothers. The former at all events are docile and attentive and do their best to give satisfaction, the latter are uncouth, negligent and disrespectful. To procure anything approaching reasonable service from either black or white, it becomes indispensable to distribute tips, everyone looks for a gratuity, as often as any required office is performed.

The system of checks in America is wonderful and extraordinary and when

an American speaks of death, as handing in his checks, one understands.

When you are traveling anywhere you give your bag to the hotel porter and he gives you a check; at the station you reclaim it with a check, and pass it on to a counter and receive another check. As you approach your destination a porter comes along, takes your check and gives you another, and so it goes until you reach your destination. The advantage of the check is, your bag never gets lost, it always turns up, but not always in the same shape in which it started.

I understand why Americans travel with ironclad trunks, it is madness to do anything else. Like an idiot I started out with a new leather trunk. They punched it and kicked it, covered it with labels and danced on it, they scratched it and wrote on it and when I arrived at the station, I found it tied up with wire,

and sealed with lead seals. Anything to declare? said an inspector. It took me some minutes to recognize my trunk and when I did they gave me a check. The system of checks is not confined only to luggage. The conductor of the train passes ceaselessly to and fro asking for your ticket, and giving you a check in return or asking for your check and returning your ticket. At the hotel you hand your coat to a boy who darts off, hides it and returns with a check; you go to get a drink, they give you a check and you pay at a desk. At a Turkish bath you wear a check tied around your neck.

Oh, those checks!

The representative American has a sharp appetite, he gloats over the bill of fare, he eats with avidity, eating several dishes at a time. There is no exaggeration in saying the American bolts his

food, and within a space of ten minutes will consume a couple of steaks, boiled eggs, fried bacon, hot rolls, oysters, hot buckwheat cakes saturated with black syrup, all being washed down with glasses of ice water. People are in too great a haste to afford time for squeamishness, or such a trifling matter as dining room etiquette. On this score, however, there is much to be overlooked. The majority of New York hotels are unlike those of any European city, they are open to all comers; one man is quite as good as another.

Those who cannot afford hotels live in boarding houses. These places vary, some are extremely expensive, others are very moderate in their charges. Except in first class establishments, where exclusiveness is rigidly practised, they are open to all sorts and conditions of persons. It is a mighty boon to be a

favourite with the landlord or landlady, as the case may be; there is less danger of suffering from indigestion or semi-starvation. For such the choicest morsels, the best "helps," and the most dainty and delicate viands are reserved.

Boarding houses sometimes do the work of the matrimonial agent. Young people of both sexes become acquainted after a promiscuous fashion; but I fear those indirectly induced to marry through the instrumentality of boarding houses, very often end in disastrous results.

Those families who do not live in hotels or boarding houses, but reside in apartments, have no facilities as a rule for preparing meals and go to the nearest restaurant. You will see people flocking out of their homes twice or thrice a day in all weathers to save the trouble of cooking; in this way persons

very dissimilar in their tastes, habits and pursuits come into contact. Should some individual manifest a reserved, taciturn disposition, albeit such a peculiarity be natural to them, they are readily spotted and regarded as folk who give themselves airs, which in America is a grievous violation of constitutional principles, and entail upon themselves marked contempt. The British traveler may well be excused if he appears more fastidious in his tastes than others. At home, he is accustomed to animal food of the best quality, in the United States, animal food especially, is greatly inferior to the beef and mutton of this country. This is mainly attributable to the climate, which necessitates the housing of cattle during the severe winter months.

The service of the American meal is plainly a development of the quick

lunch. The quick lunch was tried in England but proved a failure; its object seems to be to stuff the maximum of food into the human stomach in the minimum space of time; with this object in view the various dishes are generally served together.

Ice water is the first refreshment served at every meal. It is indispensable to the American, they drink so much of it that I believe it kills more people than alcohol. I remember hearing of a temperance preacher visiting a public saloon one very wet day. A big Irishman who was drinking whiskey, one after the other to keep out the cold, suddenly turned to the advocate for temperance and said, "Say, mister, don't talk any more of drinking water, look how it rots your boots, what must it do to your inside?" But to return to food, Americans are certainly

great eaters, and the American breakfast is the thing; the life giving air of America seems to make one always hungry and you start breakfast with fruit, wonderful and beautiful fruit, too. Great pears and peaches, grape fruit and melons, then oatmeal and cream followed by great chops or steaks and vegetables, then fruit pies, the inevitable ice cream, with many glasses of ice water in between.

Of fish, the clam appears to take first place, but I cannot say I appreciated them. Of other fish there are legions, blue fish, red fish, and white fish, but they all seem to taste the same; it takes a long time to get used to American cooking, but when you do you enjoy it.

In the great cities of the United States, the practice of drinking is indulged in at every opportunity. When people are brought together either by business or

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idleness, the ceremony of "liquoring up" is indispensable. One could hardly offend an American more than by declining an invitation to take a drink. Often I have, by endeavouring to avoid the possibility of an offence, been morally compelled to accept favours of this nature, although were I to consult my own wishes I would certainly have preferred not. The temptation to touch the dangerous cup is considerable. As a means of recreation, the bulk of the male population resort to hotel bars and similar places. Here men drink and chat, form social groups, and persevere in treating each other until they cannot hold any more, but the average American can drink an awful lot. Among the many peculiarities that of drinking is prominently conspicuous. They seem to the manner born. It may be owing to geographical or atmospherical causes;

again, the discomforts of hotel life force strangers to the bars. These are the only really comfortable rooms, and are made tempting and inviting, not alone by their glare but by their exquisite appointments. The hotel bars are most elaborately furnished and richly decorated, with luxurious sofas and easy chairs. Barmaids are unknown in America; in their places you have showily-dressed bartenders, conspicuous for their jewelry, and in some places always ready to toss you for a drink with a dice box. Americans are not wanting in the power of inventions, hence the variety of drinks. They usually commence with a brandy cocktail before breakfast by way of an "appetizer," subsequently a "digester" will be needed, then in due course and at certain intervals a "refresher," a "reposer," a "settler," a "cooler," an "invigorator," and a

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“rouser,” pending the final nightcap for the night.

It is not regarded in the slightest degree derogatory for any gentleman to take drinks in a saloon, you meet members of the Government, Senate, and the Legislature, Judges, Generals, and Clergymen. Drinking in the States cannot be totally repressed or even moderately restrained any more than it can be in any other country. Acts of Legislature are useless; when prohibitive laws were in force, in certain states it made no difference; it is true hotel proprietors closed their ordinary bars, but they opened a door in a less conspicuous part of the building, nothing was changed but the law. Even on Sunday, to-day, in New York any saloon door will open any hour of the day or night to a knock of the knuckles. Facts show that the new prohibitory law on Sunday

has been a failure, it has rendered the cost of drunkenness more costly, it is true, and in some instances it has added to the difficulty of obtaining liquor, but it has introduced more extensively the drink into the family circle. People more than ever buy their drink in kegs and keep it and drink it at home, and while the law has made liquor more costly in price, it has made it more poisonous in quality.

It is said America is the most blaspheming nation on the face of the earth, children swear, men swear, women swear.—The drayman swears at his horse, the tinman at his solder, the bricklayer at his trowel, the carpenter at his plane, the merchant at his customer, the customer at the merchant, and the habit is on the increase, at sixteen boys swear with as much facility as the grandfather did at sixty.

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In a city like New York, where every man is a politician, and flatters himself that he is assisting to govern the country, political animosities must of course be carried to the greatest length, and the press is the vehicle for party violence, and this has degenerated into a licentiousness, which ought not to go on. Many of the New York papers are well conducted and well written, but there are many that are disgraceful, not only from their vulgarity, but from their odious personalities and utter disregard to the truth, especially towards England; the bombast and ignorance is sometimes amusing. It may be asked, how is it possible that an enlightened nation can permit such atrocity, but it must be remembered, that newspapers are sold at a very low price, and that the support of them is derived mainly from the ignorant classes. People are apt to im-

agine that the newspapers echo their own feelings, when the fact is by taking in a paper, which upholds certain opinions, the readers are by constant daily repetition, impressed with these opinions and have become slaves to them.

Defamation is the greatest curse of the United States. Let any man rise above his fellows by superior talent and he is exalted only into a pillory to be pelted at, *false* accusations, the basest insinuations, are circulated. His public and private character are equally aspersed, and truth is wholly disregarded, even those who have helped him to rise, now that he has risen above them, are only too eager to drag him down. Defamation exists all over the world, but it is impossible to believe to what an extent it is carried on in America.

There are always a number of desti-

tute emigrants to be found in and around New York, although there are many societies for their relief, like the St. George Society for the English, the St. Andrew's for the Scotch, St. Patrick's for the Irish, St. Jean for the French, and many others. They certainly do a great amount of good, but they are sadly abused by those who make it their profession to live on charity, often at the expense of really deserving persons. There is also the great Charity Organisation in New York, who spend millions of dollars in fine buildings and highly paid officials; the real deserving poor generally avoid them owing to the arbitrary methods. I do not want to find fault with them, because they do good work, but there ought to be a better system for the relief of the poor; a system which takes more money to pay

officials than it does to relieve the destitute, is absurd.

New York is a combination of London, Berlin and Paris; there is little about it thoroughly American, it takes pride in being cosmopolitan. In addition to a very select and rigidly exclusive class of citizens, among whom are the old Knickerbocker families, it possesses a pretentious aristocracy—persons who have made money either by industry or speculation, and those “shoddy folk” who have, as people say, “struck oil.”

CHAPTER III

THE NEW YORK AMERICAN

THE original American was an Englishman. The American himself cannot dispute that, but from the year 1490 to the present time, America has been and is now the dumping ground of every nation in the world, "including the Jew, who has no nation," the result is the American of to-day.

The New York American is a self-styled democratic, he scoffs at England, and every other European country, yet at heart he is the greatest of aristocrats, and the so-called Four Hundred are the greatest snobs in the world, but they don't know it. The American affects

to scorn caste and sect, yet no nation has more of them. The real Americans are chivalrous and brave, their wives are charming and beautiful; unfortunately the Americans who belong to this set are few, and the stranger who visits America seldom comes in contact with them.

Many millionaires living in England to-day and who move in the inner circle of society are not recognized in the best society in the cities of the United States; they go there for the position they cannot secure in the States. Wealth does not give social position in America any more than it does in England, but it can and does cover a multitude of sins; and as many unprincipled European noblemen go to America and get into society, so do American millionaires who have made their millions by graft and other dishonourable means go

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to Europe, and for the sake of their dollars are received by certain sections with open arms.

But the great Middle Class of the American people are the truest American, and it is this class I am writing about, in spite of their bluff that they consider all men equal.

Of course the United States forms a continent of almost distinct nations and I must now distinctly be understood to write only of that portion of them which I have seen. In conversing with Americans I have generally found that if I alluded to anything which they thought I considered uncouth, they would assure me it was local and not national.

Some of the ladies and gentlemen that I came in contact with, neither from their language, manners or appearance would have received that designation in Europe, but their claim to it rests on

more substantial grounds, namely dollars.

Americans brag of the equality of men and women, any man's son may become the equal of any other man's son, and the consciousness of this is certainly a spur to exertion; on the other hand it is also the cause of that coarse familiarity untempered by any shadow of respect, which is assumed by the grossest and the lowest in their intercourse with the highest and most refined, and as a result the gulf between the refined American and the ordinary worker is far greater than in any other country in the world.

I have received much personal kindness from Americans, but this does not alter the unconquerable dislike which evidently lives at the bottom of every truly American heart against the English. It shows itself in a thousand dif-

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ferent ways, even in the midst of the most kindly and friendly intercourse.

Their unequaled freedom I think I understand better, their code of common laws is built upon ours, but the difference is this: in England the laws are acted upon, in America they are not. I do not speak so much of New York, but out of range of their influence, the contempt of law, is greater than I can venture to state, trespass, assault, robbery, even murder are often committed without the slightest attempt at legal interference.

The difficulties of the newly arrived emigrant, especially if he happens to be what the Americans call a "dude," are the same to-day as they were fifty years ago, as will be seen by the following interesting story, which is authentic.

During the French Revolution, a young nobleman escaped from the scene

of horror, and although he saved his head from the guillotine, he saved nothing else. He arrived in New York nearly destitute, and after passing his life not only in splendour, but in the splendour of the Court of France, he found himself jostled by the busy population of New York without a dollar. The young nobleman tried to labour, but of what use were his shattered nerves and trembling white hands, against the sturdy strength of so many in the hustling city, so he determined to seek a refuge in the forest. With the little money he had he purchased an axe and reached Oneida territory. He felled a few of the slenderest trees and made himself a shelter that Robinson Crusoe would have scorned, it did not even keep out the rain; want of food and exposure to the weather produced the natural result and the unfortunate marquis fell

sick and stretched upon the reeking earth, stifled by the withering boughs which hung over him, he lay parched with thirst and shivering in ague with the one last earthly hope that each heavy moment would prove his last.

Near to the spot which he had chosen for his miserable rest, but concealed from it by the thick forest, was the last straggling wigwam of an Indian village. It is not known how many days the unhappy man had lain without food, but he was quite insensible when a young squaw, whom chance had brought from this wigwam to his hut, entered and found him alive, but insensible.

The heart of a woman is pretty much the same everywhere; the young girl paused not to think whether he was white or red, but her fleet feet rested not until she had brought milk, rum and blankets, and when the sufferer recov-

ered his senses, his head was supported on her lap, while with the tender gentleness of a mother she found means to make him swallow the restoratives she had brought.

No black eyes in the world can speak more plainly of kindness than the lovely eyes of an Indian maiden and it is a language that all nations can understand, and the poor French nobleman read most clearly, in the anxious glance of his gentle nurse, that he should not die forsaken.

So far the story is romantic enough and what follows is hardly less so. The Indian girl found means to introduce her white friend to her tribe; he was adopted as their brother, speedily acquired their language and assumed their dress and manner of life. His gratitude to his preserver soon ripened into love, and the French nobleman and the American sav-

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age were more than passing happy as man and wife.

After the revolution in France was over, his broad lands were restored, but he continued to live in a beautiful house which he built on the spot where he was rescued, with all the comforts of civilized life around them. They had a large family; some settled in France, while others remained in America, one descendant is to-day a lawyer in New York City.

One of the greatest problems to me is, How does it come to pass that American men, so strong-willed and dominating, allow their wives and daughters to shake off all masculine authority more completely than in any other part of the world.

The American girl seems to exist by herself; sentiment and love as under-

lady lawyers, and just as many girl clerks as men, with the difference that they are paid better wages.

A singular sort of chivalry is thus developed, and you never hear the allusion to women amongst men in clubs and hotels, in New York, as you do in European cities.

America is called the Land of the Free. If Freedom is gross impertinence of the ignorant and low classes, the insolence and assumption of servants, then America is certainly free. The freedom of the country which is nothing less, as I have said before, but atrocious license, is shown by their newspapers. Men and women are ruined by them.

Education is a part of the policy of the country to make all men equal, every possible facility is afforded the poorest family to educate their children. Public

schools are everywhere and of every description, schools to train boys to any trade, schools to train clerks, sailors, engineers and soldiers. Then the splendid universities; there are schools of art, law, medicine, sculpture, summer schools, winter schools, yet the American child is not taught one thing, that is, politeness, culture, and refinement are left out.

This free and over education of the poor is hardly a kindness; it places the children of the poor above their parents, and, as in England, the effect of education on the happy country boy is to make him despise his work, and go to the city and become a clerk, to the ruin of the other clerks; the girl is ashamed to go into service as she used to, and goes into business, or into a factory, the women vie with the men and as a result, men are paid less salaries than hitherto, be-

sides crowding them out of the fields of labour.

In power, strength, and progress the American nation stands first in the world, but there seems to be a lack of broad education except among the Jews. The great mass of the people are superficial and will never admit there is anything they don't know, they simply put up a "bluff," as they call it, and pretend to know more than they do.

Passing through the business streets of New York City, one is surprised at the overwhelming number of Jewish names over the stores. "It's the same old story," I remarked to my friend, "the Jews are on top over here." Of course it would be ludicrous to hear criticisms upon such a course from the American business world; it would be a case of "people in glass houses throwing stones."

The Israelite business man sometimes trades in old clothes and sometimes is Finance Minister of a Kingdom. His Yankee counterpart sometimes sells popcorn and peanuts on a railroad train, or owns the whole railroad.

It is extraordinary whenever the name of Jew is mentioned one always hears, Oh—I cannot stand Jews—a friend of theirs was “done” by one, or they themselves were “done.” The Jew certainly seems to be the embodiment of covetousness, and avarice never seems to wear such a hideous aspect as it does in the soul of the Jew, and especially the New York Jew.

The gulf is so wide which severs the Jew from the rest of the world, yet to-day the highest positions in every European country are held by Jews. One hates them, yet admires them; their arrogance is loathsome; it seems part of their

religion to wear diamonds and loud clothes, and overfeed themselves; yet the Jewish race is one of the strongest in the world, and I believe it is because of their great clannishness, their blood has been practically untouched by conversion or even marriage, they are in a sense a pure race in which no other race is pure. You or I might walk the streets of a city and starve, but a Jew, *no*, a fellow-Jew will always assist another, it is their creed; better for us if it were ours.

The Jew in his darkest hour has had sufficient vigor and shrewdness to flourish, and as an example I cannot do better than give the origin of Lord Rothschild's great wealth as told by Professor Hosmer.

One hundred years ago, there lived at Frankfort a man named Meyer Anselm, whose surname was Rothschild; he was a money lender and

had raised himself by unusual dexterity from a low position, and had at the same time won a name as an honest man. At length into the Rhine region in the year 1793, came pouring the legions of the red republicans from France. The Princes fled in terror from the invasion, and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel driving up to the door of the Jew, surprised him with this address: "I know of old your trustiness. I confide all I have in the world to you. Here is my treasure; here are the jewels of my family. Save the jewels if you can, and do with the money as you choose." The landgrave became a fugitive, and within an hour or two, the sans culottes, taking possession of the city, were plundering high and low. Neither Jew or Christian escaped, Meyer Anselm Rothschild suffering with the rest. Ten years later with the coming of Napoleon into power,

stability was again restored. The landgrave returned, but with small hope of receiving a good report. To his astonishment the faithful trustee had been able through all the trouble of the times to conduct affairs prosperously; while his own means had been plundered he had saved in some hiding place in his cellar wall the treasure of the prince. The heirloom jewels were untouched; and with the money he had made a million which he restored to the wondering landgrave. This was the beginning of the marvellous career of the great house of Rothschild.

Among all the people I met in New York, there seemed neither old nor young, no venerable grey heads, or cheerful boyish faces, but in no part of America do the people seem to arrive at the average length of life of the old world. The great and sudden changes

of temperature, while perhaps, they stimulate the energies of those who are exposed to them, wear out the stamina of the body and exhaust its vitality. The cares of manhood and the infirmities of second childhood are equally premature, denying the population the two loveliest but most dependent stages of existence: the idle, but fresh and generous morning of youth, the feeble, but soft and soothing evening of old age.

In this country we find even the climate in league with the practical, in its influence on the powers of man—a goad to material prosperity. The child is pushed with a forcing power into the duties and pursuits of maturer years; the man when he ceases to be of active use is hurried out of the busy scene, his part played.

Mind and body, day and night, youth and age, are given up to the one great

pursuit of gain. But this inordinate appetite for acquiring is, in their character, deprived of some of its most odious features. It is rarely accompanied by parsimony or want of charity. I believe no people on earth can be more hospitable to their equals in worldly wealth, or more open handed to the poor. Their establishments for the relief of the distressed are almost unrivaled in liberality, and many among them are as lavish in their expenditure, as they are energetic in possessing themselves of the means to supply it.

That money should be the great stepping stone to the consideration of their fellow-men is both the cause and effect of this universal tendency. Of course, the lower in the scale of rank and education you descend in your studies of character, the more openly and odiously is this trait developed; you must go very

high indeed before you cease to trace its influence. If the words I have written should prove in the least degree offensive to any of those kind friends in America to whom I am so much indebted for disinterested and most agreeable hospitality, I beg them not to attribute it to want of gratitude or friendly feeling towards them.

CHAPTER IV

PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON

OF all the cities in America, Philadelphia next to Boston is the most English of them all; there is not so much outward luxury but more real comfort. New York is a city of palaces; Boston of villas and parks, Washington of public buildings, but Philadelphia is a city of homes, and the only city where I felt at home among the women. They seem different to the typical New York woman, prettier, more friendly; the people themselves are not so rich or so poor as in other cities, but happier and more contented; they live more in their own homes, and the bond of neighbourly friendship exists there more than in any

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other city I visited; again, there seemed to be no unemployed, there are scores of building associations, friendly societies, clubs, guilds. Everyone seems to belong to something, and all seem to practice thrift.

Some of the most important manufactories are here, many of the largest ships are built in Philadelphia, and thousands of street cars are built and sent over to New York. Here in 1831 was built the first American locomotive, since then they have built about sixteen thousand. The workshops and sheds cover nearly twenty acres of land. They can turn out three railway engines a day from the first drawing of the plans, only eight days of pattern making, moulding, casting, forging, riveting and milling lead up to the moment when the electric crane picks up the two hundred tons of complete engine and slings it on to the rails.

The locomotive engine is begotten as a page in an order book, with every detail of construction and dimensions carefully specified, so that if any part of it goes wrong in after life, it can be replaced, infallibly by mere reference to a date and number; through the kindness of the manager I was shown over this famous factory and saw every phase of its incubation. Here was an engine waiting to go to Canada, another for New Zealand, another for Japan.

Philadelphia has made itself, spreading from a commercial center. It has felt its way out to the fringe of manufacturing towns round it, and woven them into a piece of itself.

An Englishman cannot fail to be pleased with Boston, its vicinity, and its inhabitants; it is his own country over again, deficient indeed, in the charm of association, but on the other hand, free

from the blight of poverty and the sorrows of ill-rewarded toil.

At Boston an Englishman will meet with many people, in whose society he will find himself quite at home: in their manners, conversation, or dress there is but little to remind him that he has crossed the Atlantic, and is in a foreign country; I having once almost started at the word "foreigner" being applied to me in a circle of people so like those of my own country. You find that conversation turns much upon the same subjects as in England, that all the books you have read are also known to them, that events in England are looked upon with almost equal interest by them. Boston, socially and commercially, is inferior only to New York among the cities of North America. The harbour is excellent. Boston was founded in 1630, ten years after the landing of the

Pilgrim Fathers. For half a century it made little progress, but when the colonies became independent it rapidly increased like all other Atlantic cities.

Of late years Boston has been favoured by particular commercial enactments, and has progressed more rapidly than ever. The city stands upon a peninsula in Massachusetts Bay, marked by three bold hills, from North to South, three miles long, from East to West, one third of that length, but of an indented and irregular outline.

As the number of the inhabitants so rapidly increased, this piece of land became too small for their accommodation and they have spread themselves over the island, and other parts near at hand, keeping up still their intimate connection with the town on the Peninsula by bridges and ferries.

Everything in Boston is scrupulously

clean, from the roof to the road, not a speck or stain; the harbour is excellent, easy of access to friends, difficult to foes; when within its shelter, there is ample space and safe anchorage for a great amount of shipping. Fort Independence, more formidable by nature than art, protects the narrow entrance of the channel, at a point blank range. The wharves are extensive and solid; of late great ranges of store houses have been built close at hand, of commodious size and lasting materials. These districts are scenes of constant and active industry. On the island opposite in the harbour is East Boston. Here the English Mail Steam-packet Company have their dock and stores, and a ferry boat crosses between this offshoot and the main city every five minutes.

The State House of Massachusetts

stands on the highest point of the peninsula; from the cupola on the dome on the top you see the city and the surrounding country, under you like a map, and get the best idea of its extent and position; for as long as you move about below from street to street you are sadly puzzled among the numerous bridges and ferries.

This dome is a copy of that of St. Paul's in London; of this it is necessary to be informed, for the likeness is not very striking.

You will probably also hear that this view is the finest on earth; this too is essential that you should be made aware of by the authority of your guide, for without being told it might perhaps escape your observation that such was the case.

Society in Boston is exclusive even to a greater extent than in New York, but

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it is so by cliques, not by classes; public life in America forbids the existence of a privileged class, and the natural longing of the human heart for some vain position of superiority finds vent in private cliques. A well known peculiarity of the Americans is their curiosity; they do not hesitate to ask you the most impertinent questions, without in the least intending to give offence by doing so.

They cannot bear that anything should be kept secret from them, reserve and aristocratic exclusiveness being in their minds, associated together; they have no objection to telling you all their affairs, and consider that you should do the same. The only real eminence among Americans is the possession of wealth; it is at the same time the criterion and the reward of success in the great struggle in which all are

engaged. In conversation with foreigners, the Americans impose upon themselves the task of defending and apologising for every weak point of their people, country or climate. They have convinced themselves of their superiority over every other nation and refer to their country as "God's own Country." As a nation their ideas may be compared to those of an individual, who is suddenly raised to a rank above that in which he was born.

Hence it is that the manners of all classes are decidedly inferior to those of the corresponding classes wherever an aristocracy exists. An American may be well educated, have traveled a great deal, be of the kindest disposition, possess imperturbable good-humour, but he has seldom that natural tact, or that admirable schooling in society which supplies its place.

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In England when a man rises to the upper ranks of the community, he usually adapts himself by degrees, in the progress of his prosperity, to the habits and tastes of the class he aspires to join.

Those who have been born in it furnish him with examples; when he is admitted into their society, his pursuits, interests and manners become to an extent identified with theirs. In America the prosperous man finds no fixed class to look up to for example, no established standard of refinement to guide him, no society of men of leisure to mix with, none who have been able to devote their time to the cultivation of the grace of life. I know Americans as well-bred and graceful in their manners as men need be, but they are the exceptions.

It is highly gratifying to an Englishman to find that in Boston, where his in-

troductions point him out as not undeserving of kindness, his country is a passport to the good offices of the people, and the higher they ascend in the social scale, the more strongly this is marked. At the same time, they are exceedingly keen in their observation of manner and conversation. I have no doubt they could at once detect, and treat accordingly, any one who might try to impose upon their sagacity and hospitality, by representing himself to belong to a class of society, in his own country, to which he had no pretensions.

I went of course to see the Monument on Bunker's Hill. The column is two hundred and twenty feet high, and thirty feet at the base; the hill is merely a gentle inclination, but when defended with breastworks, it must have been a most formidable position.

On the 17th of June 1775 was fought

the battle that has made it memorable, and Englishmen never showed more determined courage than on that day. They were all Englishmen then, though ranged on adverse sides—for the Crown and Colony. When Howe was at length successful at such tremendous cost, he had good reason to say with the old Cavalier of the Puritan Army

————— To give

The rebel dogs their due

When the roaring shot

Poured thick and hot

They were stalwart men and true.

CHAPTER V

SAN FRANCISCO AND SALT LAKE CITY

THE city of the Golden Gate, San Francisco, fifty years ago, did not exist—to-day it is a handsome, populous city in spite of fire. The first house was built in 1833, when the village was named “Yerba Buena,” meaning in Spanish “good herb,” but in 1847 Yerba Buena, was changed to San Francisco. To-day the commerce of San Francisco is immense, the chief exports are precious metals, breadstuffs, wine and wool, and of import lumber, coal, coffee, rice, tea, sugar, and every article of European luxury. The manufactures are important including woollen and silk mills, and manufactories of

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watches, carriages, boots and furniture, candles, acids, wire-work, iron and brass castings, silver ware, colossal fortunes and illimitable speculations. A truly wonderful city.

The roadways of "Frisco" are well paved with Belgian blocks and there is the usual system of cars intersecting the city in every direction. The leading thoroughfare, and most fashionable promenade in the city is Montgomery Street. Market Street is the main business thoroughfare and the "Great Divide" of San Francisco; in Market Street are the leading hotels and finest shops. In California Street are the principal banks and insurance offices. The junction of Montgomery and California Streets is the great resort of the Stock Gamblers. All kinds and conditions of men, in all sorts of attire; from the zenith of splendour to the modes of

squalor may be seen there between nine in the morning and six in the evening hovering about the "quotations" displayed on the bulletin boards of the brokers, and gabbing about mines and mining shares.

The days of the diggings are over now; mining is a steady, serious systematic operation, and quartz crushing machines, and stamp mills for the "running" of which vast capital is required have superseded the rough and ready tools of the old diggers. There is an immense Roman Catholic Cathedral, dedicated to St. Patrick, in Mission Street, with a spire two hundred and forty feet high, and four or five more edifices for Catholic worship. Among these the most interesting to me is the original Mission Church of San Francisco, a little old structure of sun dried bricks, and of last century architecture.

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In aspect it is truly Mexican. Over against it is a long disused graveyard with half effaced inscriptions in Spanish and Latin on the tombstones.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco had a curious fascination for me, but I was solemnly warned by American friends, when I announced my resolve to explore Chinatown, that I had better take a phial of aromatic vinegar or some disinfectant with me to counteract the effects of the horribly offensive odours with which my nose would be assailed, but I am afraid it was partly prejudice.

The smell of opium raw and cooked, and in progress of cooking, mixed with the smell of fish and vegetables is certainly not pleasant, but not half so bad as some of the courts and alleys of New York, Paris or London.

Chinatown contains a large number

of Chinese laundries, very well conducted and where washing is done at a much cheaper rate than is charged at the hotels. It would be difficult to say what industries are not carried on by these indefatigably patient, laborious and neat-handed immigrants from the Flowery Land. They will undertake the most toilsome and repulsive manual labour, and the nicest arts and crafts; they will be railway navvies, waiters, machanics, house servants, anything you please. They are content to work for fifty cents a day and save money.

There are 5,000 Chinese laundry men in San Francisco, and in the cigar factories there are no less than 10,000 Chinese workmen.

The Anti-Chinese feeling is strong in San Francisco. The Chinese work for wages that will not support the family of a white labourer, while the Chinese

themselves are more than well fed on a handful of rice and a little pork, costing a few cents a day; they become affluent, according to their standard, on wages that would beggar an American. As an able American essayist, Mr. J. Dee, discoursing on Chinese immigration remarks with scant philanthropy of poor John Chinaman: It is precisely his characteristics which make him formidable in the contest for survival with other races of men. His miserable little figure, his pinched and wretched way of living, his slavish and untiring industry, his indifference to high and costly pleasures, which our civilization almost makes necessities, his capacity to live in wretched dens in which a white man would die, his frugality, abstemiousness and capacity for roughing it; why it is almost a crime to be recorded against him, that in the

long warfare of his race for the means of existence, his physical character has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human existence, with a capacity for the severest toil; miserably abandoned and depraved John Chinaman, who can subsist on anything and almost on nothing. He is clearly out of place in a land like America, overflowing with milk and honey, and Little Neck Clams.

Out of the blaze of electric lights and the whirr of the street cars, one turns down a dark street and you might be in China.

The "heathen Chinees" is peculiar to San Francisco, not but what as an individual he is fairly common in New York; but it is only in San Francisco, which stands opposite to his own country, that he has attained the proportions of a racial problem. The Chinaman has

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Orientalized his special district. Green streamers with huge golden signs in their own characters hang from every building. Chinese theatres, Chinese restaurants, Chinese temples, opium dens, Joss houses, dirt and colour, shrewdness and superstition, industry and debauchery reek in Chinatown.

Besides being bloodthirsty, the Chinaman has a genius for fraud and treachery of every kind; he smokes opium fervently and no law will prevent him. You only want to visit an opium den once. Imagine a dark underground, foul smelling courtyard full of dirt and refuse, all around wooden rooms with verandahs, painted bright green, where the Chinese live sometimes twelve in one room, open a door, and you are in a Chinese Joss house. It is something between a scullery and the forecastle of a dirty trampship; two tiers of bunks run

around it, absolutely filthy. Most of the bunks are occupied by Chinamen, here and there a girl, even white girls. All the women in Chinatown are bought and sold; the debaucheries of the Chinese are unfit for publication. On one of the bunks lay a dirty leather-skinned old man smoking opium. He did not so much as turn his head at the entrance of the foreign devils; all he thought about was his opium. In his fingers he held a long pipe, before him was a lamp and a jar of opium. He collected a drop of this viscous syrup on a bodkin and kneaded it into the flame turning it around and round, till it hardened into a little ball about the size of a pea; then he put it in his pipe, lit it at the lamp and inhaled deeply. Out came a cloud of blue fragrant smoke, another deep inhalation, another cloud of smoke, and the pipe was out.

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It took at least two minutes to prepare and two seconds to smoke; to produce the desired intoxication, it takes a seasoned smoker twenty pipes.

Terror and Anarchy are the real Government of Chinatown. Secret societies, known as "High Binders," blackmail and murder at will; every Chinaman has to subscribe to these societies; if they refuse they are found dead in the street. Sometimes different gangs carry on a war between themselves and Chinatown is thick with smoke and bullets; for a policeman to attempt to interfere would be suicide.

The Chinese are frugal, but it is a mistake to suppose he will not fling his money about on occasion. Banquets at many pounds a head with champagne and every delicacy of the season, are far from uncommon in Chinatown.

Peering from latticed windows al-

mond-eyed women sit day and night, prisoners, and as you pass under soft paper lanterns, figures in blouses and loose trousers, and slippers with black red-tufted caps and pigtails glide by, then you suddenly turn round a corner and find yourself amongst the electric cars and civilization, and you wonder if you have been dreaming.

“You don’t know the real nigger,” said an American to me when I praised the coloured people I had seen. His voice had a gleam of passionate animosity, one could see he had been brooding himself out of all relations to reality in this matter, he was a man beyond reason or pity, he was obsessed. Hatred of that imaginary, diabolical nigger, blackened his soul. Ignorant people can only think in types and abstractions, and when the commonplace American or the commonplace Colonial Briton

sets to work to think over the negro problem he banishes most of the material evidence from his mind. He forgets the genial carriage of the ordinary coloured man, his beaming face, his kindly eye, his rich jolly voice, his touching and trustful friendliness, his amiable unprejudiced readiness to serve and follow a white man. He forgets (perhaps he has never seen) the dear humanity of these people, their innocence and delightful love of colour, and song, their immense capacity for affection and the warm romantic touch in their imagination.

He ignores the real fineness of the indolence, that despises servile toil, of the carelessness that disdains the watchful, aggressive economies, day by day, now a wretched little gain here and now a wretched little gain there, that makes the dirty fortune of the Russian

Jews, who prey upon the rather exaggerated vanity of the coloured people.

To realize the important aspect of this question, one must think of the eight millions of black men, yet a large proportion of these coloured people are more than half white. One hears a good deal about the high social origins of the southern planters, very many derive indisputably from the first families of England. It is the same blood flows in these mixed coloured people's veins. Just think of the sublime absurdity, therefore, of the ban. There are gentlemen of education and refinement, qualified lawyers and doctors, whose ancestors assisted in the Norman Conquest and they dare not enter a car marked "White" in the south, and intrude upon the dignity of the rising loan-monger from Whitechapel. One tries to put that to the American in vain.

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“These people,” you say, “are nearer your blood than any of these ringletted immigrants on the east side.” The answer is generally the same—they say you don’t understand the question, you don’t know the feeling.

It is to the tainted whites, one’s sympathy goes out. The black people seem to be fairly contented with their inferiority, you find them all over the States, as waiters, cab-drivers, railway porters, car attendants; a pleasant, smiling, acquiescent folk; but the one with more or less a taint of colour thinks of the injustice he must bear with him through life, the perpetual slight and insult he must undergo, from all that is vulgar and brutal among the whites.

I once went to a “Coon” music hall, and saw something of a lower level of coloured life. It was a variety entertainment, good-humoured and brisk

throughout. I watched keenly and saw nothing of the immoral suggestion one would find in a music hall either in England or America. The kissing and love making was artless and simple minded. It seemed to me the negro did this sort of thing with a better grace and a better temper than a white man of the same social level; he shows a finer self respect and thinks more of deportment.

There were a number of family groups, the girls brightly dressed, but no worse than the coster or Jews in a London gallery; and there was no orange eating or interrupting hooligans at all. Nobody seemed cross, everybody was sober, one could not help taking a liking to these gentle human dark skinned people.

Whatever America has to show in progress to-day, I doubt if she can show anything finer than the progress the

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coloured men are making to-day; hundreds of them living blamelessly, honourably, and patiently, getting for themselves what scraps of refinement and learning they can, keeping their hold on a civilization they are grudged and denied. They know they have a handicap, that they are not exceptionally brilliant nor clever people (there are exceptions), every black man is aware of his representative and vicarious character; fighting against foul imaginations, misrepresentations, injustice, insult and the unspeakable meanness of base antagonists.

The patience of the negro is remarkable. He may not even look contempt, but must admit superiority in those whose daily conduct to him is the clearest evidence of moral inferiority. He must go to and fro self-controlled, bereft of

all the equalities that the great flag of America proclaims, that flag for whose United Empire his people fought and died, giving place and precedence to the strangers who pour in to share its beneficence; that he must do, and wait. The indefatigable Jews, the Irish, the Poles may cherish grievances and rail aloud, he must keep still. They may be revengeful, threatening and perverse, their wrongs excuse them. For him there is no excuse, and of all the races on earth, which has suffered such wrongs as this negro blood that is still imputed to him as a sin?

Of late years, many instances of lynching have appeared in the newspapers; and, it seems, the real cause is the inefficiency of the law in dealing with law breakers, especially when life is at stake; a negro or a white man may

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commit the most atrocious of crimes and even though caught red handed, it may take a year or two before he gets his deserts; until slavery was abolished the ravishing of white women was rare, but afterwards the negro was taught to assert his equality and so the ravishing and murder of white women and girls commenced and the outraged whites, impatient at the long delay of the law, have seemed to have found some justification for lynching. It is generally conceded that the "law's delay," is partly responsible for the wild justice of mob vengeance.

Lying at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains spreads the great plain, far away into the unseen vistas of the North, the whole expanse of valley filled with a golden haze of surprising richness, the effect of a tropical sunshine, streaming over fields sown thick with

sunflowers like an English field with buttercups; this is the home of the Mormons.

Salt Lake City. Brigham Young said when coming over the mountains in search of a new home for his people, he saw, in a vision, an angel standing on a conical hill, pointing to a spot of ground on which the new Temple must be built. Coming down into this basin of Salt Lake, he first sought for the Cone, which he had seen in his dream; he found it, by a stream of fresh hill water flowing at its base, which he called the City Creek. This is the heart of the city, the Mormon holy place, of this Jerusalem of the West.

The city covers about three thousand acres of land between the mountains and the river. To-day, banks, stores, offices, hotels, all the conveniences of modern life are there.

In its busy central position nothing hints the difference between Main Street in Salt Lake City and the chief streets of Kansas City or Denver, except the absence of grog shops and larger beer saloons. The hotels have no bars, the streets have no betting houses, no gaming tables. Right and left from Main Street, crossing it, parallel to it, lie hundreds of blocks, in each block, stands a cottage, in the midst of fruit trees, some of these houses are of goodly appearance and would let for high rentals in the Isle of Wight, others are small, containing four or five rooms—these are the houses of the wives of the Mormons.

In first South Street is the Theatre and the city hall, both beautiful buildings. The City Hall is used as headquarters of Police and Court of Justice.

The Mormon police are swift and silent, nothing escapes their notice.

During the winter the miners come in to Salt Lake City from Denver. These are the people the police have to repress: every man with a revolver in his belt clamouring for beer or whiskey, for gambling tables and lewd women, comforts which are strictly denied to any one in Salt Lake City. No beggar is ever seen, scarcely ever a tipsy man—poverty is unknown.

Seventy years ago there were six Mormons in America, to-day there are two hundred thousand. This power of growth—a power developed in the midst of a persecution—is one of the strangest facts in the story of this strange people; they have risen from nothing into a vast and vital church.

The spirit of the Mormon church may best be read in the missionary labourers of these people. It is their boast, that, when they go out to convert the gentiles,

they carry with them no purse, but go forth alone, taking no thought of what they shall eat, or where they shall lie down. The way in which a member may be called has an air of primitive romance. One of the Elders, for instance, is walking through a street; he sees a young fellow driving a team, a thought comes into his prophetic mind, and, calling the young man to his side, he tells him the Lord has chosen him to go forth and preach Mormonism, mentioning perhaps, the period and the place. It may be for one year, it may be for ten, the locality may be Liverpool, Damascus or Peking; asking only a few hours to put his house in order, to take leave of his friends, to kiss his wives and children, he will start on his errand of grace.

Without money and without food he starts on his journey, hiring himself as

a driver, a guard or a carpenter to some train of merchandise going to the river or the sea. If his sphere is in Europe, he will work his way to New York then perhaps work his way on a cattle boat, preaching all the way the glad tidings of a Mormon's rest in the beautiful valley of the Mountains. One man told me he travelled from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, from San Francisco to Ceylon, from Ceylon to Poonah, toiling, preaching, begging, labouring; among Californian miners, Chinese sailors, Cingalese farmers, Bombay teamsters and muleteers, seldom wanting for a shelter, never wanting for a meal, such is the spirit of the Mormons. Living on crusts of bread, sleeping beneath lowly roofs, he toils and preaches from city to city, ardent in the doing of his daily task; patient, abstinent, obscure, courting no notice,

rousing no debates, living the poor man's life, offering himself everywhere as the poor man's friend. When his task is done, he will preach his way back from the scene of his labour to his pleasant home, to his thriving farm, his wives and children in the valley of Salt Lake City.

In this Mormon city, every man is a preacher; all over the world, they pronounce against the world and the world's ways. They promise the poor man merrier times and a brighter home; they offer the starving bread, the houseless roofs, and the ragged clothes. The Christian Church professes to hold these gospels, but do not act them; the Mormon preacher does. Show a Mormon a beggar, or an outcast, he considers himself chosen by God to save him; with men who dwell in great houses, who dine off silver plate, he has

no concern. The rich and the learned have their own creeds, they have no need of him, and he would not seek them in their pride.

In Salt Lake City about five hundred bishops and elders live in polygamy, having on an average four wives each. The great body of Mormons have only one wife and these are quite the happiest of the Mormons; the practice of marrying a plurality of wives is not popular, but many sacrifices are made for their religion. The women as a rule are plainly, almost poorly dressed, they are very quiet and subdued in manner and have an almost unnatural calm, as if all dash, all sportiveness, and all life had been preached out of them; they seldom smile except with a wan and wearied look; seclusion seems to be a fashion wherever polygamy is law, the habit of secluding women from society

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tends to dim their sight, and dull their hearing; these Mormon women know very little, and take little interest in things and are shy and reserved. It is an open question in Salt Lake City, whether it is better for a plural household to be gathered under one roof or not; but every man is free to arrange his own household as he likes, so long as he avoids contention and promotes the public peace.

It must not be said that these Mormon ladies have been made worse in their moralities by their mode of life; Mormons declare that in their city, women have become more domestic, wifely and motherly than they are among gentiles; and that what they have lost in brilliancy in accomplishment, they have gained in virtue and in service.

The Mormon creed appears to be that woman is not worth damnation.

Women, wrote Brigham Young once, will be more easily saved than men, they have not sense enough to go far wrong, men have more knowledge, and more power; therefore they can go more quickly and more certainly to Hell.

PART II

CANADA

PREFACE

Shall I go to Canada? is a question asked by thousands of men every day. Some apply to the various Emigration offices, others ask men who have failed and returned; both sources are not sufficiently reliable for a man to leave his country, his home and his friends.

The Emigration officials tell you of the bright side of the Country, they show you beautiful pictures of wheat-fields and charming homesteads, the farmer in his shirtsleeves at the plough, the wife plucking delicious fruit in the orchard, happy, laughing children playing in the hay. They tell you of the glorious summer, and the 160 acres

which is given for the asking, and so on.

The returned emigrant who has failed will tell you of the terrible winter, the high price of food and clothing, of his hopeless search for work in the towns, the isolation and toil of farming, the suffering and privation of his family, and the prejudice so openly shown to British Emigrants by Canadians.

I have endeavoured in this book, to show Canada as it is, and although one is not going to the Paradise suggested by those interested in Canada, you are not going to the inhospitable wilderness of ice and snow the returned emigrant would make you believe.

WILLIAM WOODLEY.

THE LAW OF THE YUKON.

This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes
it plain:

“Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your
strong and your sane.

Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I
harry them sore;

Send me men girt for the combat, men who are
grit to the core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the
bear in defeat,

Sired of a bull dog parent, steeled in the furnace
heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your
chosen ones;

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call
my sons;

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I
glut with my meat;

But the others—the misfits, the failures,—I tram-
ple under my feet.

Dissolute, damned and despairing, crippled and
palsied and slain,

Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—go
take back your spawn again.

R. W. SERVICE.

CHAPTER I

THE STORY OF QUEBEC

QUEBEC is without doubt the most interesting and historical city in Canada. The river St. Charles winding through low rich grounds empties itself into a wide basin, closed in to the northeast by the Island of Orleans. In the angle it makes with the St. Lawrence is a lofty promontory; there stands the city, walled and bastioned round. On an undulating slope, rising gradually from the margin of the smaller stream to the foot of the battlements, lie the suburbs of St. Roch and St. Valier. On the highest point of the promontory, and the most advanced into the river is Cape Diamond, the

strongest citadel in the New World.

On the river side, a hundred yards of perpendicular rock forbid the foot of man; another is fenced off from the town by a massive fortification and broad glacis; the third side of the grim triangle looks out upon the plains of Abraham, in a line of armed ramparts.

The lower town is built upon a narrow strip of land saved from the water, under the lofty cliffs of the promontory, stretching from the suburb of St. Roch to where the citadel overhangs. Busy wharves, with numerous ships alongside, extend all round the town and for three miles up the St. Lawrence.

From Quebec to the opposite shore is but three quarters of a mile, but the basin just below is five times as wide, and large and deep enough to hold the English Navy. Through the strait the tides flow with great rapidity, rising

and falling twenty feet, as the flood or ebb of the sea dams up or draws away the water of the stream. There are many dangerous currents; very few ever rise again who sink for a moment in their treacherous embrace; even strong swimmers have gone down like lead.

The story of how and by whom this fair city came to be built and why the flag of dear old England floats upon its citadel, will bear repeating.

The first European who ever visited these lands was Jacques Cartier. In May 1535 he sailed from St. Malo with three small ships, he and his followers were blessed by the Bishop, in the Cathedral received the holy sacrament, and bade farewell to their friends as if forever. The little squadron was for a long time dispersed, but met again on the 26th July. Having visited New-

foundland they kept it to the north, and sailed into a large gulf full of islands. They passed on the north side of Anticosti, and sometimes landing by the way, came at length to the mouth of the Saguenay. By means of two Indians taken in the former voyage, at the Bay of Chaleau, they conversed with the inhabitants, and overcame their terror.

These simple people then received them with songs of joy, giving them freely all the provisions they had. Their king wore a crown which he transferred to Jacques Cartier. The following year the adventurers returned to France. Four years afterwards Sieur de Roberval aided by Jacques Cartier landed at the mouth of the St. Charles River; but the inhabitants met them this time with war instead of peace.

Seven miles from Quebec is Cap

Rouge; there the French built their first stronghold to guard themselves from, I may say, just vengeance. They named it Charlesbourg Royal, but their leader soon led them back to France owing to the dissension of his followers.

At the end of the sixteenth century when the gloom of this failure had passed away, Charwin and Pontgrave opened a fur trade at Tadousac, without much success. Next followed the Calvinist De Morts, with a little fleet of four sail. His enormous privileges and the religious dissensions of his followers caused his ruin. His successor, the worthy Champlain, founded the city of Quebec in 1608, and cultivated the rich valley of the St. Charles; with some of his followers he penetrated to the great lakes of the west, and returned in safety from among their fierce and savage nations. To this vast

territory of Canada he gave the name of New France. For many years the settlers met with great difficulties from the climate and the Indians, but adventurers poured in from the Old World, and wars and fire-water thinned their foes. Some powerful tribes sought their alliance, serving them to the end with faith and courage. Montreal, Niagara, and other towns were founded and Quebec was strengthened into the Gibraltar of the West.

The quarrels of the Mother Countries involved these colonists in constant difficulties with their English neighbours of the south, and their Indian allies added unheard-of horrors to their wars.

After many alternate successes, a British army of great force under the command of General Amherst invaded Canada in 1759.

Ticonderoga fell into his power and

Niagara was won by the division of General Johnson after a gallant battle.

These triumphs were of but little moment, for all knew that on Quebec the fate of Canada depended, and the failure of General Hill half a century before had given a lesson of the difficulties of the attack. A large fleet, however, commanded by Admiral Saunders carrying an army of seven thousand men reached the Island of Orleans in the end of June.

For a few years, and for a great purpose, England was given one of those men whose names light up the pages of history; this was Wolfe; he was only thirty-two years old and to him the expedition was entrusted.

He took possession of the Island of Orleans and occupied Point Levy with a detachment; his prospects were not encouraging, the great stronghold

frowned down on him from an almost inaccessible position, bristling with guns, defended by a superior force, a portion of a gallant army, and inhabited by a hostile population.

Above the city, steep banks rendered landing almost impossible; below, the country for eight miles was embarrassed by two rivers, many redoubts and the watchful Indians.

A part of the fleet lay above the town, the remainder in the North Channel between the Island of Orleans and Montmorenci. Each ebb tide floated down fire ships, but the sailors towed them ashore, and they proved harmless.

The plan which first suggested itself was to attack by the side of Montmorenci, but this the brave Montcalm was prepared to meet. On the 2nd of July a division of grenadiers landed below the falls; some of the boats

grounded on a shoal, and caused great confusion, so that arrangements, excellent in themselves, were in their result disastrous.

The grenadiers with an indiscreet ardour advanced, unformed and unsupported, against the entrenchments. A steady and valiant defence drove them back; a storm threatening, and the loss being already heavy, the General re-embarked the troops with quiet regularity.

The soldiers drooped under their reverse, but there was always one cheerful face—that of their leader. Nevertheless, inward care and labour wasted his weak frame: he wrote to England sadly and despondingly, for the future was very dark, but he acted on an inspiration.

His generals were brave men, and suggested very daring plans; he seized

the boldest counsel, risked the great venture, and won.

On the night of the 12th September the fleet approached the shore below the town, as if to force a landing. The troops embarked at one in the morning, and ascended the river for three leagues, when they got into boats, and floated noiselessly down the stream, passing the sentries unobserved. Where they landed a steep, narrow path wound up the side of the cliff forming the river's bank; it was defended bravely against them, but in vain. When the sun rose the army stood upon the plains of Abraham.

Montcalm found he was worsted as a General, but it was still left to him to fight as a soldier; his order of battle was promptly and skilfully made—the regular troops were his left, resting on the bank above the river; the gallant

Canadian Seigneurs with their provincials supported by two regiments formed his right; beyond these, menacing the English left, were clouds of French and Indian skirmishers.

General Townshend met these with four regiments; the Louisbourg Grenadiers formed the front of battle to the right, resting on the cliff; and there also was Wolfe, exhorting them to be steady and to reserve their discharge. The French attacked, at forty paces they staggered under the fire, but repaid it well; at length they slowly gave ground.

As they fell back the bayonet and claymore of the Highlanders broke their ranks, and drove them with great carnage into the tower.

At the first Wolfe had been wounded in the wrist; another shot struck him in the body, but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet done.

Again a ball passed through his breast, and he sank: when they raised him from the ground he tried with his faint hand to clear the death mist from his eyes; he could not see how the battle went, but the voice which fell upon his dying ear told him he was immortal.

There is a small monument on the place of his death with the date and this inscription:—

“Here died Wolfe victorious.”

He was too precious to be left, even on the field of his glory. England, jealous of his ashes, laid them with his father's near the town where he was born. The chivalrous Montcalm was also slain. In a lofty situation on Cape Diamond a pillar is erected, “To the memory of two illustrious men, Wolfe and Montcalm.”

Five days after the battle, Quebec sur-

rendered on such terms as generous victors give to gallant foes. Throughout all England were illuminations and songs of triumph, except in one country village, for there Wolfe's widowed mother mourned her only son.

This is the story of Quebec, and the reason why that flag of dear old England floats above its citadel.

CHAPTER II

MONTREAL

IT is only about 175 miles from Quebec to Montreal; you can go by either water or rail, Montreal being the head of ocean navigation. During the season it is most enjoyable to go by one of the river boats, which are something like the grandstand of an English race-course, with decks, one above the other, each with its saloon and state rooms, verandas and every comfort and luxury; the scenery going up the river is very fine; the other route is by the Grand Trunk Railway and is the one usually taken by emigrants. A Canadian Railway is very different from an English one. They are far more com-

fortable, a passage running right through the train, while the conductor walks through to and fro all day and all night to attend to the wants of his passengers. The general public travel first class, while emigrants have special trains in charge of a Government Agent. There is a stove in every carriage for cooking, making tea or coffee, etc; at night the seats are formed into beds.

I remember in the early hour of a bitterly cold winter morning our train stopping at Richmond owing to the snow; at a moment's notice we were bundled out, half dressed, women and children included. In the hurry and confusion clothes got mixed, boots got lost, and people put on each other's clothes, the first thing they could put their hands on, which were exchanged next day amid much amusement. We

approached Montreal in the early hours, the following morning crossing by the wonderful Victoria Bridge; this bridge was built by Messrs. Peto, Brassy and Betts in 1853 and cost one million four hundred thousand pounds; it is nearly two miles long, and was designed by Robert Stephenson who visited Canada for that purpose. It has twenty-four arches, the piers and abutments being of cut limestone, the centre arch is 330 feet, and the others 242 feet in span and 60 feet above watermark. The weight of the tube through which the train passes is about 8,000 tons and of the stone for the piers 250,000 tons—it is certainly one of the wonders of the world.

The Canadians are a restless locomotive people, they are ever on the move in travelling; everybody travels one class, the millionaire, the pick-

pocket, the well educated woman of the highest rank, the senator and the swindler, they all meet together in the same carriage and the one great feature is the universal deference shown to women, whoever they may be. Not only in Canada, but through all the States, a woman can travel alone without the least chance of annoyance or insult. Let a woman or girl be ever so indifferently dressed it is sufficient that she is a woman, she has first place everywhere.

Attention and courtesy are paid to strangers all through Canada even in spite of the prejudice that exists against Englishmen, and although there is no touching of hats or the least servility the public servants of all description have more self-reliance and dignity, which contrasts favourably with the same class of public servants in Europe. I am not making this remark to dispar-

age the one or praise the other, but simply contrasting the customs of the old and new countries.

Montreal is the largest city in Canada, its population is principally French, it is the distributing point of Canadian trade, as it is the port where lake or fresh water navigation ends, and ocean navigation begins. There are five lines of steamships trading to Liverpool during the open season and much of the commerce of the North West States of the Union comes that way as well as all that of Ontario. Between Montreal and Chicago there are 1260 miles of waterway, consisting of lakes, and canals carrying an immense fleet of ships, some of them of great tonnage, bringing produce and minerals from the Far West to be transhipped at Montreal into the ocean steamers for export to Europe. The quays and wharves are

very large, and along the waterside there are extensive warehouses for storing goods, some of them very fine buildings.

The streets are very irregular and not as well laid out as they might be, on account of the city being constructed almost piecemeal, but there are many fine buildings and beautiful churches. Limestone is the principal building material—and very good it is.

There are no workhouses at all in Canada and so no poor rate; if a man won't work he can go to jail, and it is not uncommon for a man to present himself at a police court and ask for so many months. The prison system is not so cruel as in other countries, as silence is not enforced; the Governor of the city prison told me half the crime in Canada was caused through drink. There are an enormous number of hotels and saloons

in Montreal and although the citizens themselves are sober the foreign population spend all their spare time in the saloons, but I believe owing to the many temperance organizations it is better than it used to be. The Canadian saloon keeper is looked upon as a host and he will greet you with a handshake and offer you a drink. He is considered the level of anyone who goes in, this especially applies to the hotels where he sits down to dinner or supper with his visitors; it is but just to say in many instances they are very respectable members of society and often rich; the respect shown to the master of an hotel induces people of the highest character to embark in the profession.

I have mentioned the number of saloons in Montreal which are so conducive to drinking. It is not confined to a certain class but the whole mass. I do

not mean that everybody gets drunk, but to drink with a friend when you meet him is good fellowship, to drink with a stranger, politeness; they do not settle any business without a drink; if you meet you have a drink, if you part you have a drink, if you quarrel you drink, if you make it up you drink, if it's hot you drink, if it's cold you drink. They start young and only leave off when they die. As for water, as a Canadian once said to me: "Water is all right for navigation, have a drink?" Still I am happy to bear witness to the prosperity and advancement of Montreal, so favourably situated both for inland and ocean commerce in the centre of a fine agricultural country, the Grand Trunk line like a great artery connecting it with all parts of Canada and the United States; no wonder it has arrived at the proud position of the

commercial metropolis of a young and rising nation. I must say of everybody I met in Montreal I received the greatest kindness and hospitality, especially from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith; let me here return them my sincere thanks and gratitude.

It was the custom for many years to build an ice palace in Montreal in Dominion Square. These carnivals were held many years in succession and were not only beautiful but a source of great pleasure with their glistening walls and turreted roofs, but these ice palaces were reproduced on picture postcards, and sent all over the world.

Now winter is a touchy topic with the Canadians and they thought it hardly a good advertisement for them; the world would think Montreal was somewhere in the arctic regions and ice palaces were done away with, giving as an ex-

cuse that when the ice palace melted, Dominion Square and the Streets near were turned into rivers and it was sometimes necessary to go to church in a boat, but I think that doubtful. Anyhow this year an enormous ice palace has been built and it is believed the custom will be revived.

IN A MONTREAL CONVENT.

During my visit to Montreal an opportunity occurred of my seeing the ceremony of taking the black veil by a novice in a Convent close by. Long before daylight I was awakened by a priest I had made friends with; together we tramped through the snow to the convent; the clouds were close and murky, gusts of wind whirled the snow round our heads, a more dismal walk I never had. At last we reached a large white building, surrounded by a high

wall with massive gates, over the entrance was a dim lamp. Passing through a wicket door, we mounted the steps of the chapel; near the door about seven or eight spectators were waiting, mostly relations of the postulants. On the altar, tall candles were burning, the rest of the building was in darkness.

On the right side of the chancel was a return, nearly as large as the body of the Chapel, separated from it by a grating of diagonal bars of wood, like a lattice work. This return was appropriated to the devotions of the Nuns, who were of a very austere order; they were never allowed beyond the walls, or to see or hear the people of the outer world, save through these bars. I obtained a place on the steps leading to the pulpit opposite the grating and waited with interested patience the solemn scene.

The Bishop in a gorgeous robe of gold brocade and covered with the insignia of his office, entered the chancel by a private door, two boys preceded him swinging censers of burning incense and chanting in a low monotonous voice, twelve priests followed in his train. High Mass was then performed with all its imposing ceremony—distant, unseen choirs joining from the interior of the convent. As the sound of the bell which announces the elevation of the host ceases, the folding doors within the grating of the return are thrown open, and the postulants enter with a measured step. They are clothed from head to foot in white, with white roses in their hair and in their hands; sixty Nuns, two and two follow in solemn procession, but in black robes; each carries a lighted taper and a prayer book; as they enter they chant the hymn to the

Virgin, and range themselves along the wall, thirty each side; their voices swelling like a moaning wind and echoing sadly from the vaulted roof.

The postulant advances up the centre of the return (there was only one to-day) near to the grating, bows to the host, and is exhorted by the Bishop: he speaks, she sinks on her knees and remains still.

Four sisters carry in the veil, a pall of crape and velvet. While they bear it round, each Nun bends to the ground as it passes; it is then placed near the postulant, and the priest performs a service like that of the burial of the dead. Thirty dark statues on either side give the responses in a fixed key of intensely mournful intonation unlike the voice of living woman. One might almost fancy those sombre figures pieces of contrived machinery, but under each black

shroud there throbs a human heart. School them as you may, whip them, crush every tender yearning of love the young bosom feels, break the elastic spirit, chase love and hope and happiness from the temple of their mind, bury them in the convent's gloomy walls, still under each black shroud will throb a human heart. Oh! the shame, the pity, that such things are.

The postulant receives the sacrament, then she rises, advances close to the grating, and kneels down before a small open lattice, she throws aside her veil, and looking calmly at the host which the Bishop holds before her eyes, repeats the vows after his dictation.

She is young, not more than eighteen, with eyes of deep blue, a lovely face, with beautiful fair hair flowing over her shoulders, her graceful figure arrayed in white. And her voice—I can never

forget that voice; there was no faltering, it was high and clear as a silver bell, but oh, so desolate, as if it spoke farewell to the world forever; the pealing organ and the chorus drown her sobs, but under the black shroud there throbs a human heart—as if that heart would break.

I was afterwards told the cause of this girl in her youth and beauty taking the veil. Her father was an Officer in the French Army, her mother had died when she was four; her father devoted to his regiment, she was all alone. She did not care to mix much in the gaities of the city; with her beauty, her goodness, her winning ways and cheerful spirit she was much sought after, almost spoilt. Many begged her hand in marriage, but she only tossed back her little head, and shook her pretty hair. But a few days before her father died

they attended a ball and there she met, among other guests, the officers of one of the ships of the Royal Navy. One of them did not seem to enter into the gaieties of the evening and did not dance until near the close, when he got introduced to her. As soon as the set was over, he sat talking with her, and then took leave of the party. She was flattered at being the only person he had sought and was struck with his noble bearing and conversation. A day or two afterwards he called at her house; she was at home and alone; poor girl, in her short life she had never seen anyone like him before, she was proud and happy. Her love and confidence in him, her undisguised preference joined with a purity that could not be mistaken, won him. He saw that her mind was being strengthened and developed under his influence, he felt that he was essential

to her happiness, and he felt she was to his; they had no secrets from each other. So passed the winter.

It was the morning of their wedding, the view over the broad rich valley is beautiful to-day; the young summer had painted earth in all her choicest colouring, but they do not observe it, he joyous with love, she flushed with happy hope; until to-day it has been a time of eager anxiety to him, of joyful anticipation for her.

The carriage arrives to take them to the church; suddenly he turns pale, he trembles, he falls, heart disease—he's dead.

The summer evening of her land has but little twilight, the sun like a globe of fire seems to drop from the sky behind the earth and leaves a sudden darkness. So sets the sun of hope, but the

night that fell upon her soul had never a morning.

The Te Deum has been sung, then by the safe door by which she came in, she goes out; no one will ever see her again.

Churches of all denominations are extremely numerous in Montreal; it looks as though it was either very good or very bad; I do not think it is one or the other.

Winter is the great time in Montreal, providing you are not a poor emigrant; they simply long for the tinkle of the sleigh bells and the sight of the pure white snow. Canadians realize the blessing of the deep, long continued snow, the value of which if it did no more than keep down dust, would be a real blessing; but it shields and fertilizes the ground, distributes water gradually, provides broad bridges over rivers and

lakes and allows the easiest and most pleasant of all possible travelling. A sort of enchantment prevails, diminishing the immense size of the world, and people seem happy and bright, little children come out with their sleds, small boys are pelting each other with snow balls, their cheeks fresh with health, their eyes dancing with laughter. Everything reminds you that Canadians are happiest in the winter. At the Victoria Rink are to be seen the famous fancy dress carnivals, which are a most picturesque sight.

It is impossible to write of Montreal without mentioning the celebrated Lachine Rapids; they are the most perilous of all the St. Lawrence Rapids, the river making a drop of forty-five feet, and the channel being set with jagged rocks, that would cause instant destruction to any craft diverging but a hair-

breadth from the one tortuous passage, which alone makes navigation possible, and then only by a thoroughly experienced pilot. The Lachine Rapids were navigated by a steamer for the first time on the 19th of August, 1841, and since that date many thousands of people have felt the thrill of what is a most exciting experience, although the danger, which is real and ever present, does not appear so evident to the average uninitiated passenger. On leaving Lachine the increased speed is soon noticeable and a drag on the boat intimates the force of the waters some little time before the white breakers of the Rapids appear; gathering speed with every foot of the journey, the vessel at last feels the full tremendous power of the river as surrounded by angry waves on every side, the noise of which almost drowns the voice. It

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rushes through what appears to be a rock strewn cauldron of boiling water; wicked looking rocks appear to bar further passage, only to be left on the right or the left as the boat obeys the pilot's guiding hand, whilst whirlpools and seething eddies here and there tell of the many deep fissures in the river bed.

The downward course is distinctly felt as the boat descends, the sensation being almost as if the vessel were going down a flight of steps (as in truth it is), only without any actual bumping or jolting; no one should rest with but one experience, as the eye is too busy noticing the surroundings on the first trip to allow full realization of the relentless forces surrounding the boat. The second or third trip will prove far more exciting, as one is then better able to appreciate the iron nerve and steady

hand of the Indian pilot, which alone saves the vessel and its living freight from instant destruction.

For nearly twenty years Canada had suffered from the persistent attacks of the famous cruel tribe of Indians called the Iroquois. The French population in the whole colony was less than three thousand souls, and they were only saved from destruction by the fact that their settlements were grouped around three fortified posts, Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. To the Iroquois, Canada had become indispensable, and they determined if they could to destroy the French Colony, their policy being a persistent attack on the outskirts of the different settlements. This became in time a perfect scourge to the French settlers, who saw no way of escape from this terrible condition. Outside the fortifications there was no safety

for a moment, and a universal terror seized the people.

When things were in this condition, a young French officer of the Montreal garrison appeared on the scene. He formed a desperate plan. Shortly before, it had been discovered that twelve hundred Iroquois warriors were on the eve of descending on Montreal and Quebec with the object of wiping out the whole colony. This young French officer, whose name was Allam Daulac, formed a desperate plan. He proposed to meet the Indians, and waylay them on their descent of the river Ottawa, and fight them to death. He asked for a party of volunteers. Sixteen of the young men of Montreal caught his spirit, determined to join him, and gaining the Governor's consent, made their wills, confessed, and received the sacrament, binding themselves by oath to

fight to the death, and receive no quarter.

As they knelt for the last time before the altar in the Chapel of the Hotel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian-fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm.

The spirit of this enterprise was purely that of the Middle Ages. Honour, adventure and faith had to do with its motive and inspiration. Daulac was a knight of the New World. The names, ages and occupations of the young men are still in the old register of the Parish at Montreal.

Leaving Montreal in their canoes, they at last entered the mouth of the Ottawa and slowly advanced up the stream. They soon passed the swift current at Carillon, and after much toil and travail, reached the foot of the rapid called the Long Sault. Here they

found an old ruined fort, which they took possession of, and were soon joined by a small band of Hurons and Algonquins, who, hearing of their intention, had followed them up the river to share in their victory or defeat.

Here a few days later they were besieged by an immense body of the Iroquois, and for five days, through hunger, thirst, and want of sleep, shut up in their narrow fort, they fought and prayed by turns, and here at last they died, but not until they had given the fierce savages such a dreadful lesson that they never forgot it. If seventeen Frenchmen and five Indians behind a few logs, could hold twelve hundred warriors at bay for five days, what might they not expect from their compatriots behind their walls of stone?

Daulac's heroic, if reckless, effort had saved the colony.

CHAPTER III

TORONTO

TORONTO may really boast of a tone of society above that of most provincial towns; among the people there are many who by their acquirements, talents and refinement would be ornaments anywhere. In Canada and in England, also, they are too well known to need any commendation, their example and influence are proved most useful by the enlightenment and good manners of the residents.

The standard of character, the domestic arrangements and habits of the people, are formed strictly on the model of the Mother Country; they look to her

with reverence and affection; well may she be proud of their loyalty.

In a steamer I crossed the lake and went seven miles up the Niagara River to Queenstown, thence eight miles of railway to the Falls. During the war, this district was the scene of several very bloody and gallant actions, between the English and Americans; they seem to be highly satisfactory to both parties, for each claim the victory and they have contended for the laurels ever since with the same pertinacity with which they disputed the battle ground and with the same doubtful result. One thing is certain, the Americans failed in making any serious permanent impression on any part of the country.

Perhaps the mutual injury was about equal, their loss of Buffalo being balanced by that of Little York on the side of the English; each had to mourn the

loss of many brave soldiers. Sir Isaac Brock was the most remarkable of these; he commanded the British force at the battle of Queenstown, where he fell: the Canadian Parliament erected a pillar to his memory on the scene of his victory.

Queenstown is but a poor place; being on the frontier, it has frequently suffered in the struggles between the two countries. At the entrance of the Niagara River, or as it should be called, the continuation of the St. Lawrence, is Fort Niagara, a place of considerable strength and importance. I saw there for the first time, the flag of the stars and stripes, and the soldiers in their grey uniforms. On the English side Fort Massassagua guards the river; behind it is the town of Niagara, with its docks and foundry, churches and three thousand people.

At the Western end of Lake Ontario is

Burlington Bay containing the towns of Dundas and Hamilton; both of them are rapidly growing. The waters of the Niagara River are of a most beautiful colour, the blue is as clear and soft as that of a summer sky. Up to Queens-town the banks are low, and the country around flat; hence to the Falls the flood lies between high, abrupt cliffs. On the Canada side, rich tracts of park-like scenery extend for many miles inland; a great portion is cleared, but there still remain many of the magnificent old forest trees which once sheltered the people of the departed race. The service of the country rises in sheppies of good table land, from but little above the level of the lake to the undulating grounds which spread about the falls, nearly three hundred feet higher.

The story of Laura Secord is one of the most popular historical actions re-

corded in connection with this part of Canada. She was the woman who made the desperate day's journey, through a trackless forest, to warn the Canadian soldiers of the approach of the Americans. Laura Secord's husband, who was a cripple, brought home to her the startling news that the American General, Boerstler, was approaching with the object of surprising the British troops, who, unaware of his proximity, were stationed at Decaws, a place a good day's journey with no roadway, from where she dwelt.

This heroic woman realised the necessity of someone making that journey, and of notifying the troops of their danger. Otherwise, they would be taken by surprise and the Canadian cause would be virtually ruined.

Quietly gathering some food and preparing herself for the journey, she bade

her husband good-bye, and slinging a wooden bucket upon each arm, as if going out to milk her cows, in order to deceive the American sentinels, whom she had to pass, she went out into the bright dawn of the Canadian summer. There was purpose in her heart, and she set her face forward to the work she had in hand; and by a clever ruse eluding the sentinels, she reached the deeps of the forest. Once there and out of sight she dropped her buckets and sped through the woods, heedless of danger of pursuit, or the attacks of wild animals, and the risk she underwent from the cruel blind thickets that she had to pass; and though her clothes were torn, and her feet cut and bleeding, she never paused or lost her courage, until at the close of that long day, she reached the British camp and told her story.

The shores of Lake Erie have several

interesting ports. South of London is St. Thomas, another beautiful city and county town.

St. Thomas is especially famous for being the home of, and being called after, the noted Colonel Thomas Talbot, one of the most remarkable characters associated with the history of old Upper Canada. His history, suffice it to say here, was mysterious to say the least. He was the younger son of an old Irish family, and first came to light as a fellow aide-de-camp, with no less a personage than the great Duke of Wellington, when as mere lads in their teens, they, as cornets in the army, were attached to the court of the viceroy at Dublin. Later he came out to Canada as an aide-de-camp to General Simcoe.

Here he was unusually successful, as it was during his stay in Canada that he discovered the spot which was after-

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wards to be the scene of his life's labours. Returning to Europe he went with the British Army on the disastrous venture into Holland, under the command of the Duke of York. He soon rose to be a Colonel and when he had achieved that rank he suddenly for no known reason sold out his commission and retired to Canada, where he resided on a large estate in the wilderness. He applied to the Crown for a large grant of land, about five thousand acres, and comprising a whole township. This he boldly asked for in a direct appeal to two members of the Royal family, sons of George III, asking that it should be made a Crown grant in the King's name, and then be handed over to him.

This request, through the Royal favour, was granted; and settling on his estate near St. Thomas at a place now called Port Talbot he approached the

Government of Upper Canada, with a project he had to bring emigrants out from the old country, and settle them on his own and upon Government lands.

His project being received with favour, he proceeded to the ports in New York and Canada, where the emigrants landed, and in that way, after several years, he managed to settle with British people a large portion of what is now called the Talbot settlement.

He lived on his estate in an eccentric manner, sometimes performing himself the most difficult of labour, and living in backwoods simplicity. His first residence, which he called "The Castle," was a rude log hut. Here he lived for many years the life of a solitary, his only companion, a faithful servant, in whom his master placed great confidence. For many years he ruled with almost imperial power over his part of

the country. During the American invasion of 1812, he commanded the militia of his district, and was present at Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie.

Colonel Talbot's abode grew in time to be a resort for distinguished visitors who came to the province; the Lieutenant Governors frequently visited him, and the Chief Justice was often his guest. Among distinguished visitors to Castle Malahide were the Duke of Richmond, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lord Aylmer, and Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton. "In spite of his rustic dress, his jovial, weather-beaten face, and the primitive simplicity, not to say rudeness of his dwelling, he has in his features, air and deportment, that something that stamps him a gentleman." So wrote the noted writer Mrs. Jameson when visiting Canada. And that something, which thirty-four

years of solitude has not effaced, he derives, I suppose, from blood and birth; things of more consequence when philosophically and philanthropically considered, than we are apt to allow.

He must have been, when young, very handsome and his resemblance to King William IV is so very striking, as to be something next to identity. "Colonel Talbot's life," continues Mrs. Jameson, "has been one of persevering, heroic self-devotion to the completion of a magnificent plan, laid down in the first instance, and followed up with unflinching tenacity of purpose. For sixteen years, he saw scarce a human being, except the few boors employed in clearing and logging his land; he himself assumed the blanket coat and axe; slept upon the bare earth, cooked three meals a day for twenty woodsmen, cleaned his

own boots, washed his own linen, milked his own cow, churned his own butter, and made and baked his own bread. In addition to this, he carried on his farm of six hundred acres, upon which he had sixteen acres of orchard land, in which he planted and reared, with success, all the common European fruits, apples, plums and cherries, in abundance.

“He was fond of his garden and in it he produced some beautiful varieties of roses, which he had brought himself from England. Yet family and aristocratic pride were a prominent feature in the character of this remarkable man.

“In his old age he paid a visit to England, where he renewed his old associations with his former friend, the great Duke of Wellington, but he soon returned to his old haunts and died on the 6th February, 1853, in Ontario.”

The career of this remarkable man is

only one of the many instances of the tragedy of life and the vicissitudes of fortune, of which these regions of the New World have been the stage.

CHAPTER IV

THE NORTHWEST INDIANS

IN a few more years no wild Indians will be seen except in the far North. Whiskey is the bane which drives the savage wild and is the fruitful cause of nearly every crime. It is indeed fortunate for us that we have followed the good example of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants and have invariably kept faith with the Aborigines in all our dealings. Honesty is the best policy. The Americans have never been so fortunate in their relations with the poor savages and many a bloody scene has in consequence been enacted.

It is not so many years ago that near our line a band of Sioux under the lead-

ership of the famous chief, Sitting Bull, achieved a victory over a civilised force which has no parallel in the annals of any recent war between civilized and savage troops, and I cannot do better than give the most authentic account e'er given, that is, the one by the Marquis of Lorne, which was given him by Sitting Bull himself.

General Custer, one of the most gallant officers of that gallant Northern Army—a man distinguished for intrepidity and skill in the war against the Southern Confederacy, had been appointed to a command of Cavalry not far from our frontier line. As is too often the case, unnecessary quarrels had led to unnecessary fighting between Uncle Sam's boys and the braves under Sitting Bull.

General Custer, coming upon their camp in a place chosen with rare skill

by the savages, impetuously ordered an attack. Accounts vary of the struggle which ensued, but the story must necessarily come from one side only, because no American soldier lived to relate the tale.

The Indian account in Sitting Bull's words is as follows:—

“During the summer previous to the one in which General Custer attacked us, he sent a letter to me, telling me that if I did not go to an agency he would fight me; and I sent word back to him by his messenger that I did not want to fight but only to be left alone. I told him at the same time that if he wanted to fight, that he should go and fight those Indians who wanted to fight him.

“Custer then sent me word again (this was now in the winter) you would not take my former offer, now I am going to fight you this winter; I sent word

back and said just what I had said before, that I did not want to fight, and only wanted to be left alone, and that my camp was the only one that had not fought against him. General Custer again sent a message, I am fitting up my waggons and soldiers and am determined to fight against you in the spring. I thought that I would try him again, and sent him a message saying, I did not want to fight, that I wanted first of all to go to British territory, and after I had been there and come back, if he still wanted to fight me, that I would fight then. Custer sent me back word and said—I will fight you in eight days!

“I then saw that it was no use, that I would have to fight, so I sent him word back, all right; get all your men mounted and I will get all my men mounted and we will have a fight. The Great Spirit

will look on, and the side that is in the wrong will be defeated.

“I began to get ready, and sent twenty young men to watch for the soldiers. Five soon came back with word that Custer was coming, the other fifteen stopped to watch his movements. When Custer was quite close ten young men came in. When he had advanced still closer two more of them came in; leaving three still to watch the troops. We had got up a medicine dance for war in the Camp, and just as it was coming to an end two of the young men who had stopped out, came in with the word that Custer and the troops were very close, and would be upon the Camp in the morning. That night we all got ready for the battle. My young men all buckled on their ammunition belts, and we were busy putting strong stick in our coup sticks. Early at sunrise two

young men who had been out a short way on the prairie, came to me and told me that from the top of a high butte they had seen the troops advancing in two divisions. I then had all the horses driven into the camp and corralled between two lodges.

“About noon the troops came up, and at once rushed upon the camp. They charged in two separate divisions, one at the upper end, whilst the other division charged about the middle of the camp. The latter division struck the camp in the centre of the 250 lodges of the Uncapupa Sioux, and close to the door of my own lodge. At the time the troops charged I was making medicine for the Great Spirit to help us and fight upon our side, and as I heard the noise and knew what it was I came out. When I had got to the outside of my lodge I noticed that this division had

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stopped suddenly close to the outer side of the Uncapupa Camp, and then they sounded a bugle and the troops fired into the Camp.

“I at once set my wife upon my best horse, put my war bonnet on her head and told her to run away with the rest of the women. She did so, but forgot to take the baby (a girl); after she had gone a little way she thought of the child and came back for it. I gave the child to her and she went off again.

“I now put a flag upon a lodge pole, and lifting it as high as I could, I shouted out as loud as I was able to my own men: I am Sitting Bull; follow me! I then rushed at the head of them up to the place where I thought Custer was, and just as we got close up to the troops they fired again. When I saw that the soldiers fired from their saddles, and did but little damage to us, I ordered

all my men to rush through their ranks and break them, which they did, but failed to break the ranks although we suffered as little damage as before. I then shouted to them to try again, and putting myself at the head of my men we went at them again. This time, although the soldiers were keeping up a rapid fire from their horses, we knocked away a whole corner and killed a great many, though I had only two men killed. After this we charged the same way several times, and kept driving them back for about half a mile, killing them very fast. After forcing them back there only remained five soldiers of this division, and the interpreter alive, and I told my men to let them live. Then the interpreter, the man that the Indians call 'the white,' shouted out in Sioux and said—'Custer is not in this division, he is in the other.'

I then ordered all my men to come on and attack the other division.

“They did so and followed me. The soldiers of this division fired upon us as soon as we got within range, but did us little harm. When we had got quite close and we were just going to charge them a great storm broke right over us, the lightning was fearful, and struck a lot of the soldiers and horses, killing them instantly. I then called out to my men to charge the troops and shouted out—The Great Spirit is on our side; look how He is striking the soldiers down! My men saw this and they all rushed upon the troops, who were mixed up a good deal. About forty of the soldiers had been dismounted by the lightning killing and frightening their horses, and these men were soon trampled to death. It was just at this time that we charged them, and we easily knocked

them off their horses, and then killed them with our coup sticks. In this way we killed all the division, with the exception of a few who tried to get away, but were killed by the Sioux before they could get very far.

“All through the battle the soldiers fired very wild and only killed twenty-five Sioux.

“I did not recognise General Custer in the fight, he must have been killed in the first attack, as we found his body, or what all the Indians thought was Custer’s body about the place that the first attack was made. I do not think there is any truth in the report that he shot himself, although I saw two soldiers shoot themselves. The Sioux were following them and in a few moments would have caught them, but they shot themselves with their pistols in the head.

“There were seven hundred and nine

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Americans killed. We counted them by putting a stick on each body, and then taking the sticks up again and counting them. We counted seven hundred and seven carbines.”

So ended Sitting Bull’s story of the fight.

It was greatly to the credit of the American people, that when years afterwards they wished to get rid of Sitting Bull, who had taken refuge on Canadian soil, amnesty was granted to him and his people and in reply to a letter addressed by the Canadian Government as to his probable treatment should he surrender to the Americans, Mr. Ewarts, the United States Secretary, replied, “He will be treated as a great nation always treats its prisoners of war.”

The Indians cannot be classed as New Canadians, yet it is important to know in what position they really stand under

their new conditions. One of the largest tribes to-day is known as the Blackfoot, a very warlike and bloodthirsty tribe they are too. At the time of the Riel Rebellion of 1885 people watched with great anxiety lest they should plunge into the fray. If they had, it would have been far more serious than it was. The Canadian people to-day are under a debt of gratitude to this tribe, because although tempted, they resisted and kept peace.

The Indians still keep up some of their most notable customs, such as the sun dance, and the dog feast, where they cook and eat dogs. They have their secret societies and their medicine men. In knowledge of or respect for the laws of health they have made little progress. If a child is hot with fever, the parents let it run naked in the snow; many die who could be cured if properly treated.

Tuberculosis is one of the great causes of mortality, which is increased by their habit of living in crowded log houses in winter, and the still stuffier tent in summer. A war dance is something to be remembered; it is really more of a prance, accompanied by the shouts of the dancers and the dull thump of the drum. The dancers' costumes are of every possible description, generally of gaudy coloured calico, leggins and moccasins hidden under a mass of bead work, feathers and ribbons, their faces painted all colours in stripes. After the men have danced, they fall back and their place is taken by women. It is to their credit there is no more crime amongst them than other people. At the same time it is due to their respect to that brave body of men, The Northern Mounted Police. It is extraordinary how only two mounted policemen will

enter an Indian preserve to arrest a wrongdoer without suffering any harm.

Twenty years ago the police had to protect the White Man against the Indian, to-day they have to protect the Indian against the White man, but the protection is inadequate. At some towns you will find one officer, two constables only, to protect them. A Corps has been raised by the Federal Government and forms an addition to the little standing army of Canada.

From Calgary to Vancouver is one of the most delightful and interesting journeys in Canada, through the Rocky Mountains. They are grand, more than beautiful, gaunt, foreboding things of drear strength; the hills are like the ruins of a dead world, the stark trees are the totems of death. One cannot compare them to the beauty of the Alps, or the Caucasus range, or the Hima-

layas; they are individual, apart, strenuous, with the teeth of ferocity in them. Close by are the gurgling chalky green waters of the Bow River. The undergrowth of the land is matted, wiry and tangled with the wonderful colouring of autumn tints; there are sad and weedy stations. Red Indians are about, swarthy, sitting on their horses, wearing red blanket trousers, dirty coats and Yankee slouch hats, not so picturesque as one sees in Buffalo Bill shows.

There are few buffalo now on the prairies, the thunder of a herd's hoofs is not heard on the baked soil, but here and there within a good wire fence are a bunch of these once lords of the prairie chewing their cud.

The biggest hotel, a chateau perched on a shoulder of rock amongst the pines, is one of the fine hotels owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and costs

twenty-five shillings a day, but is as good as any hotel—in fact better—in London. Every night at ten o'clock the orchestra plays "God Save the King" and all Britons stand up. I remember an American lady who had just arrived saying to another, "I think it just sweet of those Britishers to play, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee' and all stand up": it is the same tune and some of us who knew what it was meant for, smiled.

The day you journey from Banff to Revelstoke, over the Rockies and over the Selkirks you go through nearly two hundred miles of heroic hills with towering awesome crags above and abysms, frothy with torrents, below. It is the most enthralling, long stretched panorama to be seen in the world. The engine climbs slowly with grunts and creaks. Here is a great arch proclaiming "The Great Divide." You are 5,296

feet above the level of the sea. Cathedral Mountain heaves with snow powdered trow, there is swaying as we crawl over a shaky bridge, then we get a vision of Kicking Horse Pass, a grey fledged rip in the rocks, with brown bodied spruce growing from precarious points, above the mountains; below the swirl of a foaming, thunderous torrent. At last we reach Field, a little place with a fine hotel. Here they changed our engine for a big heavy one; down the Kicking Horse Pass is the most exhilarating of railway jaunts. There is a thrill in it; we dived and we curved, we snorted uphill, and rattled down-hill; it's shooting the chute for an hour; it is worth travelling to Canada, if only for that.

The run is to the valley of the Columbia River, first between the pinnacled Otter Tail and buttressed Van Horne ranges, then into the canyon of the

Kicking Horse. Soon we are on the mountain again, breasting the stern Selkirks; cascades leap with resentful hiss, a gully three hundred feet is spanned.

In the darkness you sweep through mountains, and behind is a world of awed silence.

In the morning the hills have lost their terror, they are lower and wooded, log houses are seen, the river widens into a noble, slowly moving stream. There are Japs working on the line, moody-visaged Indians squat and muse, loose-limbed British Columbians drive their teams through clouds of dust; we are on the Pacific coast and yonder is the smoke of Vancouver.

CHAPTER V

EMIGRANTS

WHAT the amount of emigration is from the old Continent to Canada no one really knows, as so many go via Canada to get to the States. The emigrants are principally English, Irish and German, and I found out that the most violent against England and all monarchical institutions are emigrants themselves and who are the cause of the prejudice I have mentioned, and help to keep up the dislike and ill-will which exists towards us, nor is it to be wondered at.

The happy, and those with means do not go into exile; those who do are mostly disappointed men; they form

ideas of liberty and prosperity by emigrating, then when they get to Canada, they find out their mistake. They are often unable to return and have to work at something; they think of their homes and friends left behind, which makes them more violent in their denunciation of their own country. Nine out of twelve emigrants regret emigrating; the fact is they are no match for the keen-witted men they come in contact with; to succeed a man must do as the Canadians do, and be one of them, it is their only chance of success. They are really to be pitied—they have torn themselves away from all old associations and broken the links which should have bound them to their native land, expecting to find liberty, equality and competence in a new country; they discover too late they have not nearly so much liberty as they had in

the country they left. They have severed themselves from their friends, to live amongst strangers; they have to sacrifice those principles of fair dealing imbibed in their youth, adhered to in their manhood, and which are so little understood in Canada or the States. I would not advise any man to break up his home and go to Canada, unless he was sure of something better. I would advise any man earning thirty shillings a week at home to stick to it, unless he has some other motive in view. You can only get on in Canada by sheer force of character; above all to the man who drinks, stop at home; let those who go dismiss from their minds that they will receive any help, a man must depend on his own unaided resources for success.

Many of the emigrants that go to Canada are totally unfit to leave home, and do not make any headway; many are well

educated and have left comfortable homes, but maybe through a quarrel with relatives, or a desire to see the world have gone out expecting to make a fortune without exerting themselves and the result is they go to the wall, and either send to their friends for their fare, or work their way home.

The average Canadian is, as a rule, a big, strong, healthy, happy man. Nothing is more conducive to health than fresh air and good plain food, and the Canadian gets both.

The season for work on the land is comparatively short, so that you have to take advantage of every hour and be ready to work from early in the morning until late at night. A man commencing as a farmer will generally get up about five, feed the cattle, and be at work on the land with his plough by six; he will dine at noon, get to work again at half

past one, and knock off for the night about six. There is little time for recreation, beyond a pipe of tobacco. One does not want it, but is only too thankful to rest and sleep.

Statistics are rather bewildering, but as the Nineteenth Century closed, the tide of emigration began to flow into the west of Canada. In 1899 the total emigration had been 44,543 and in 1900 only 23,895, but in 1902 it was 67,379 and in 1903 it went up to 128,364; in 1904 to 130,331 and in 1905 to 146,266. In January to December, 1906, the arrivals were 215,912 and in 1909, 390,817.

The various help societies for emigration have made it easy for the very poor to emigrate, although it is a question whether they are the kind Canada wants unless they go straight to a farm and are sure of employment.

It is surprising the number of Amer-

icans who emigrate to Canada, already 175,000 farmers from the United States have made their homes in Canada. The Canadian Government gives absolutely free to every settler 160 acres of land, and adjoining land can be bought at from 6 to 10 dollars per acre.

The American is not the fresh green emigrant that the Englishman is; before the American goes to settle he has already spied out the land; the result of this independent investigation is evident from the enormous number of American citizens actually making their homes in Canada.

It is well known that any man may choose a free homestead of 160 acres on paying a registration fee of 10 dollars, but it is not really his until the end of three years, and then only if he has lived on it, and cultivated it; also he must be a British subject or become one.

The country, to which people, especially Americans, are flocking is the great oblong, lying between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, bounded on the south by the United States, and on the north by the ever retreating edge of an almost uninhabited wilderness. This oblong is divided into three provinces, namely: Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; it is a great plain, sloping quite imperceptibly towards the west until it reaches a height of 3,000 feet above sea level; it is crossed by several great rivers, and except in the southwest, is watered also by numberless streams and lakes, and you can grow almost anything; its southern prairie fields produce the finest wheat in the world, its cattle ranches are famous and dairy farming is no less successful. The climate is pure, dry and invigorating.

It has often been remarked that the

Englishman in Canada is not so successful as other nationalities. He is certainly not so popular, and it is, I think, because he is not more cosmopolitan; it is admitted, education does not count much in Canada. As an Englishman, one feels ashamed of young fellows sent out because they are unmanageable in England; they will not settle down to work, especially those who have an allowance, and known as remittance men. There are exceptions, but the average remittance man is generally a failure.

Go to the west, there is work for everybody; there is no country that has a more equable climate, no country where the grass is so green or the sky so blue; not you who have pleasant homes or comfortable billets, you can live comfortably enough in England; but you poor, you toilers who know what it is to earn a pittance by the sweat of your brow,

you honest poor, who know all about the bitterness of labour, not you who are idlers and loafers or drunkards,—you are better off in England where national charities will foster your folly and the workhouse degrade your declining years.

You do not stand on the dignity of a dead ancestor. There, you must answer for yourself. It is what you are, not Who was your father? There are thousands of acres open to settlement for those who have small capital, while the labourer and the domestic servant are certain of employment; they who are steady and wise are bound to succeed.

There are lands of promise and plenty in our Canadian Colony which are waiting for the plough, the axe, and the pick.

Winnipeg is the favorite point of settlement, and it is predicted that it will one day be the centre of British produc-

tion, just as London is the centre of British consumption.

Here is this glorious wheat producing country. The Dominion Lands' Act provides that free grant of land of 160 acres to every head of a family, male or female, and a further grant of 160 acres to every child, boy or girl, on their attaining the age of 18 may be attained on simple and easy conditions, the object of the Government being to establish a population of permanent settlers on the land.

People from all parts of the world are going there, but there is enough room in Canada to take all our poor surplus population of England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland and give them a chance of happiness and fortune.

There are thousands of men and women in England to-day who have no

prospects before them but an ill-fed life of drudgery, and thousands who must faint and starve on the Highway. Surely if they have no lookout here, it cannot be much of a risk to go to this land of promise beyond the sea.

There is enough for everybody in the English speaking countries of the world, if everybody would not insist upon elbowing each other to death to the smallest corners of Great Britain's vast Empire.

THE END

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